

The Cabin and the Dolls

I don't know what to do anymore. I'm so scared and I can't trust anyone. I went camping about 3 weekends ago in the Huntsville national forest in Texas. Me and 3 friends that came home for the weekend, they are all in college and usually we all get together at least once a year, old friends from high school.

For the camping trip we planned to go backpacking deep in the forest, live off of fish that we catch and animals that we can trap. We have been doing this for awhile in Texas and in numerous places, Arizona, Colorado (if anyone is familiar with the Spanish peaks there), New Mexico, so we're pretty much used to anything you'd encounter out there. It was my turn to pick where we went camping, so I chose Huntsville (more accurately it's Huntsville/New Waverly).

So we drive up there park our car in a camping park spot and start walking off into the forest. We had some laughs along the way, everyone catching up with each other's lives. We walked until it started to get dark and set up camp where we stopped. Everyone gathered wood to make a fire and we set our tent up. And we do what we always do: try and scare each other with weird stories.

Around this time we started to smell something very faint. It was noticeable, but not overbearing. We couldn't put our finger on what it was, so we just carried on. Mike had to go piss and he walked off in the forest. A second later he come running back, piss all down his jeans like he'd missed really bad. Immediately we all crack up and throw some jokes at him. Then we noticed that he was white as snow and trying to catch his breath. He starts screaming for us to follow him, and runs off.

We all get serious and go follow him, not knowing what the problem was. We start to hear a faint scream and crying in the distance, in the direction we were running. It was pitch black away from the camp and Mike had the only flash light (we left ours at the camp, he had his from his trip taking a piss), so at this

stage we didn't have much choice but to follow the light, which was frantically pointing here and there in front of him.

The scream gets closer and Mike starts to slow down. We then notice a ratty old cabin that looked like it was abandoned, except for a faint light that we could see from one of the old mildew covered windows. The crying was intense: whoever it was couldn't breathe enough to let out a full yell. We all followed Mike up to the front door and we could all hear the crying from inside. As soon as he knocked on the door it stopped. We all waited and heard really heavy footsteps walking fast to the door. There was a giant slam against the door and the sound of a bolt unlocking.

Then nothing.

We waited for a bit, knocked a few more times, but still nothing happened. We walked around the house (there was no [bleep]ing way any of us were leaving each other's side) and noticed a window, which was a good way up. Alex took a deep breath and said asked us to give him a boost so he could see inside. Me and Mike lifted him up to the window. We watched him brush away dirt and webs from the window and place his face close to the window to try and see something.

There was a quick beat. Then suddenly he breathed in fast and let out a loud scream. Then he fell back from the window, screaming bloody murder the whole way. We all tried to calm him down but he was hysterical. We went to him but he started to shake, punch, kick, you name it, and then took off towards the camp.

None of us wanted to be separated so we all ran close behind him. We caught up to him and grabbed him and set him down. The fire was dying out so I grabbed some nearby wood that we collected added it to the fire. My hands were shaking and I had to do something. I went back to Alex and we all tried to calm him down. He wouldn't he kept screaming and was breathing so hard that he eventually fainted.

All of us are terrified now, and we all kept the fire high until

sunrise. Periodically Alex kept waking up, screaming just like before. By sunrise he was up and looked catatonic, just mumbling to himself and whimpering. Me and Mike decide to go look at the cabin now it was daylight. We searched where we thought it was, except there was nothing there. Nothing at all. The indistinct smell from last night had now grown into a very strong smell of something dead, something stale.

We headed back to the camping site. When we got there we found Alex had chewed into the sides of his face and swallowed so much blood that he was throwing up. John was at his back, and he looked like he was about to die from exhaustion. I guess we all looked that way, I just didn't notice until I saw his face. Alex said quietly that we need to leave. Now.

We all started to pack up the tent. It started to rain really heavily (it was about noon) and the sky started to grow really dark. Alex started to go into a panic. He went and grabbed a big stick and yelled at us to leave it and leave, now, or he'd knock us out and drag us out of there himself. Mike started to yell at him, and they started to fight. We broke it up and finished packing, and then started to make our way back.

After a little while we arrived at a creek we had crossed the previous day, only it was flooded over, and the water was moving too fast for us to cross it. Alex started to scream again, yelling at Mike for taking his time packing up the tent when we could have gotten out of here. This went on for a while until we finally convinced Alex to calm down and tell us what happened. He said as soon as he put his face to the glass, a face on the other side did the same thing, and started to smile really big.

It had dark eyes and a dark mouth which was much bigger than Alex's, as the smile got as large as it could. A giant shadow behind it swung something down and sliced its face off. The face was stuck to the window, and he said it started to laugh quietly as it slid down. Mike, still pissed off (and though he wouldn't admit it, beginning to get freaked out), started to argue with him again. We eventually started to follow the creek for a way to cross.

We then started to see toys floating in the creek. Really old toys, old Barbie dolls and baby dolls. This wasn't like any old trash floating in the creek, though... this was a lot of barbies, a lot of baby dolls. One washed towards the side and Mike picked it up. It had some kind of voice chip that was dying and started to say some gurgling words we couldn't understand, followed by it's sad excuse for laughter. Then it sounded like it was whispering. We thought the batteries must be dying, he threw it down.

We kept going, and the sun was starting to set. Alex was freaking out more now, and was whimpering and breathing heavily. We all started to see shadows move behind trees, something we all called BS on until we all were seeing it. It was barely light out and we stop as we see the cabin right in front of us. None of us knows what to think. Mike says "This is bull, I'm going in there." Alex tries to stop him. We all do, all of us just wanted to go home. Mike says to all of us to [bleep] off, do our own thing, he doesn't care anymore, this is all bull. We start to hear hundreds of the same sort baby doll as before, laughing, whispering and trying to sing. We start to move forward past the cabin, all of us, and kept pushing forward. We smelled something dead in the air, something stale. The same something as before. We started to hear something crying, and something screaming.

We kept on going. We eventually crossed the creek and left the woods. We get back to our vehicle and got in. Its pitch black, and we drive. We are about to get on the 45 to Houston but the road is under construction and can't be accessed. It points to a detour. As we head towards the detour it seems to be small, bumpy dirt road going into the woods.

We then see a young girl come up to us. She looks like she was in trouble, young and pretty. She approaches the passenger side door and she looks like she's really drugged up, or beaten up. Alex doesn't roll down the windows, nor does he open the door. She reaches for the handle and he immediately locks it. She puts her face on the window and starts to smile really big. We floor it, Alex starts to cry and scream and we are all breathing heavy. We

finally cut on a street that takes us to the 45 and we take it the whole way.

When we get back to my apartment everyone doesn't know what to say and we all break apart and go our separate ways. Mike messages me later and says he is going to go back. I try to convince him not to and all he does is say it was our own minds that were screwing with us. I think he just went to prove to himself he wasn't scared. I can smell that stench everywhere now. I don't go out anymore, I just stay in and don't answer the door.

Last week everyone I met was acting really strange, people that I knew for a long time and total strangers. My own dad, when I went to his place to eat supper with him he just watched me, strangely, when I was sitting down. He didn't say a word the whole time. I kept asking him "What's wrong?" He just slowly shook his head.

When I was leaving to go home I turned to wave. He had black eyes and an open mouth like he was in pain. When I started to walk back he shut the door and bolted it. I stayed there knocking and knocking. Nothing. I called him, his phone was disconnected. I even called the police. Halfway through the questions they were asking me the connection started to fade into static. I could hear a faint mumbling, singing and laughing.

Mike has completely vanished. There is not even a record of him being alive. When I call Alex's house they talk to me like I'm some salesman. They say they don't know any Alex and to please stop calling. The person who tells me that is Alex's mother. I can't get ahold of John. Someone knocked on my door and when I went to look I saw a face completely covering the peephole and a giant smile started to form. I called the cops again and instead of it turning into static they got really strange.

"Sir, are you affected by any drugs at the moment?"

"No."

“Are you coming home anytime soon?”

“Excuse me?”

“Come home.”

The phone call ended. My mail slot swings every now and then. Someone is sliding pieces of baby dolls through it. I try to call people now and all I can hear is static and bad baby doll noises and this crying and screaming. My TV is busted but when I go to piss I can hear it on. I might be going insane.